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Pacific School of Religion

The
American Friend

Old Series
Vol. XXXVII. No. 51

DECEMBER 18, 1930

New Series
Vol. XVIII. No. 51

Wise Men Still Follow The Star

AN EDITORIAL

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

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PAN AMERICAN PAINTINGS TO BE EXHIBITED

A large sum of money, a liberal and cultured man, and the Baltimore Museum of Art, are three outstanding factors in a new and important movement. The generous gift of thousands of dollars by one whose name must remain anonymous consumates a long cherished plan. The donor evidently believes that there should be more cultural contacts between the American Nations; that cultured minds of the United States should know more about the work that trained minds and hands are producing in Latin America. In other words, there will be opened in Baltimore on January 15 the First Baltimore Pan American Exhibition of Contemporary Paintings. The people of Baltimore will have a month and a half to view these works of art. At the close of the exhibit in Baltimore the paintings will be taken to the leading cities in the United States and then pass to Canada for similar exhibition purposes. Two thousand dollars in prizes for the best work will be awarded to exhibitors. One thousand dollars, five hundred dollars, respectively, will be given to the artists from Canada and Latin America whose paintings are found by competent judges to merit such distinction. So far, artists of eleven countries, or more than half the Pan American nations, have advised Director R. J. McKenny, of the Baltimore Museum, of their intention to present their works. Canadian artists have similarly advised Baltimore authorities; while many paintings of the United States will be included in the exhibition. Artists from the following countries will participate in the exhibition: Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, Cuba, Uruguay, Bolivia, Ecucador, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Panama, Honduras and Canada.

EARNEST APPEAL TO INTERESTED PUBLIC

The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, assembled in their semi-annual meeting at South Bend, Indiana, adopted resolutions which say in part: "Especially do we insist that the time has come when those who are fighting the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead act should no longer deal in merely general terms. We stand for a definite program, for the utter prohibition of the beverage liquor traffic by the federal government, and for supporting legislation by all our states. Our opponents are constantly engaged in exaggerated criticism of present conditions, with a propaganda supported by immense funds, furthered by great daily papers and often presented in the most fanatical terms; but they present no definite and constructive plans whatsoever and are engaged in an attempt to rush our citizens into political confusions and contradictions that are certain to make havoc in our national life. We warn our fellow citizens that the success of the present agitation against prohibition means the return of the saloon in some form and would reinstate in their old-time power those dealers in intoxicants who were such baneful and corrupting forces in the former regime. We have rejoiced in our partnership with men and women in all religious denominations, and with many who were not formally related to any of our churches, in the movement that banished the legalized saloon from our republic. That movement was by no means the glory of one church or group, and its success was due to a wide cooperation which must still be maintained. We emphasize the fact that our opponents, many of whom never lifted a voice against the saloon in the day of its fearful power, are now vigorous in their demand that the saloon must not be restored, but more vigorous still in their condemnation of those whose influence alone removed the iniquitous institution from our country. We urge our young people, many of whom have never seen a saloon and who have therefore no personal memories that allow them to compare the present situation with the terrible scourge of the former license system, to make a careful study of the history of our reform, and not to be misled by constant exaggerations about present conditions in our land. We summon them, as we summon all our fellow citizens, of whatever faith or party, to a vigorous assertion and reassertion of their convictions, whether in public speech, or in the social circle, or at the polls."

AMERICAN RACE PROBLEM RELATIVELY SIMPLE

From the standpoint of a South African observer the American race problem offers no serious difficulties and no problems which are not relatively simple and solvable, according to Hon. Graham Ballanden, Manager of the Native Affairs department of the city of Johannesburg, South Africa, who recently spent a few days in Atlanta, Georgia, on his first visit to America to study the conditions of Negroes in this country. "Your American race problem," he said, "is merely one of normal human adjustments and the friendly cooperation of the two racial groups for the best interests of both. Proceeding along those lines I can see nothing in the future to occasion fear on the part of either group. The American people, it seems to me, have done extremely well with the problem created by the importation of Negro slaves. Mistakes have been made, of course, some of them tragic; injustices have been perpetrated and some of them still persist. But with all that, the Negroes of America are infinitely better off than any other Negro group in the world, as a result of the opportunities which they have been accorded here—opportunities which, I understand, are steadily becoming more generous and widely diffused. With a Negro population of only ten per cent, the difficulty of your situation is not to be compared to ours in South Africa, where the whites are outnumbered about seven to one. There we have also the further complication of four racial groups—white, black, colored, and East Indian—each of which must be provided for separately in matters of schools and other public accommodations. Under present conditions segregation seems necessary, voluntary if possible; but we believe that it should be fairly administered and that, where separate accommodations are provided, they should be equal in practice, as well as in theory. What will be the ultimate answer we do not know. Time only will give it."

A NOVELIST'S IDEAL—A WORTHY GOAL

In "An Autobiography" by Anthony Trollope, the goal which he set for himself makes interesting reading and suggests possibilities in this field for other writers of fiction: "There are many who would laugh at the idea of a novelist teaching either virtue or nobility—those for instance, who regard the reading of novels as a sin, and those also who think it to be simply an idle pastime. They look upon the tellers of stories as among the tribe of those who pander to the wicked pleasures of a wicked world. I have regarded my art from so different a point of view that I have ever thought of myself as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience. I do believe that no girl has risen from the reading of my pages less modest than she was before, and that some may have learned from them that modesty is a charm well worth preserving. I think that no youth has been taught that in falseness and flashness is to be found the road to manliness; but some may perhaps have learned from me that it is to be found in truth and a high but gentle spirit. Such are the lessons I have striven to teach; and I have thought it might best be done by representing to my readers characters to which they might liken themselves."

THE AMERICAN FRIEND

AUTHORIZED BY THE FIVE YEARS MEETING OF FRIENDS IN AMERICA

WALTER C. WOODWARD, Editor

Old Series Vol. XXXVII. No. 51. | DECEMBER 18, 1930 | New Series Vol. XVIII. No. 51.

Entered as second-class matter, March 23, 1918, at the postoffice at Richmond, Indiana, under the act of March 3, 1897

Wise Men Still Follow the Star

YEAR upon year in ever quickening succession as we grow older, the Christmas seasons envelop us. Old as is the Christmas story, it is ever new. It retains its virile freshness as symbolized by the holly and the fir tree. For those who have caught its spirit, there is the never-failing sense of expectancy that broods tremulously over the earth. Why is the Christmas observance so persistently, so joyously, so widely acclaimed? It is more than a festive custom which time has honored; it is more than a religious festival which the Christian Church has espoused. Christmas has timeless validity, but it has more. What is it?

For one thing, it brings us the ineffable appeal of childhood. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy"—and not only in our own infancy but in that of babyhood generally. It touches us with a divine tenderness that makes us more susceptible to life's higher and holier impulses. Bringing the Christ of God to men as a gift of heaven in the guise of a little babe sublimates this universal appeal of childhood. It beautifies life in all its relationships. In a very real way our Christ and Messiah becomes Emmanuel — God with us. "The first mark of the incarnation was the stamping of motherhood with its divineness. There is no holier Christmas lesson. For over every mother, if she will but look and listen, is the angel." In no other religion is the intimate relationship between the divine and the human so appealingly and so helpfully set forth. Through the sweet mystery of motherhood, God put a little child in our midst to show us what He is like. Is it any wonder that the story of that first Christmas eve at Bethlehem is of deathless interest?

Meditating on the implications of Christmas as the anniversary again approaches, another cause of the never-failing acclaim of the day has impressed us as perhaps never before. It is the appeal which Christ has ever made, and still makes, to all classes and conditions of men. He is the one universal figure of history. The observance of his birth appeals, therefore, not to any one group or class or race, but to all.

There is deep significance in the fact that the angelic announcement was made to a group of simple-hearted shepherds. They were the work-a-day people of their time and country. In the annals of Hebrew history they were nameless, having no rank of honor and position. They were but lowly, albeit faithful shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night. And when they went to seek the new-born king, never was royalty found so rudely ensconced. A stable for a princely palace and a manger for a kingly couch!

Later, a group of humble, hardy fishermen became the chosen attendants of this king of kings and lord of lords, who had himself grown up in a carpenter's shop. They were his mouthpieces and carried hither and yon the royal pronouncements. The king threw his lot almost entirely among the common people from which he came. For them he seemed to have special concern. The qualities of character which he extolled were those of humility, meekness, kindness, patience, sincerity, simplicity, devotion and sacrifice. The parables by which he taught were chiefly of life among the lowly.

All together, it was natural that in the succeeding centuries Christianity should be emphasized as a religion of redemption for the masses who are in darkness and ignorance, a religion of hope and consolation for those who are in privation and bondage, a religion of self-forgetfulness and ecstasy for those whose life is bleak and barren. The religion of Christ has proved to be all this and much more to the common people who in all ages have heard him gladly.

Christianity, however, is not a religion of redemption for the common people alone. As a class religion, it would be its own negation and denial. How fitting, therefore, that the imperishable story of Christmas includes a counterpart to the motif of the shepherds! Even while the shepherds were listening to the heavenly harmonies, there came wise men from the East seeking him to whom the star of Bethlehem was pointing them. Theirs was the wisdom of the philosophies of sages and the wisdom of the stars in their courses; yet when truth led them to a new-born babe in a stable, they bowed in adoration, nothing doubting. There is the faith of wisdom and knowledge as well as the faith of the untutored and the unlettered. The message of the Messiah appealed to the wise men as well as to the shepherds, to the intellectual Nicodemus as well as to the emotional Peter.

It is true that in the long course of Christian progress, it is the "wise men" of the world who have questioned and doubted, and who have even scoffed and denied—they whose wisdom was the foolishness of God. While the simple-hearted and the open-minded have accepted Christian truth intuitively, finding it to answer their daily need, the intellectuals, from Nicodemus on, have questioned how these things could be. They have insisted on rationalizing every Christian doctrine, and on tearing aside the veil of mystery that hangs between the physical and the spiritual world.

For long centuries it was the philosophical attack which threatened revealed religion. In more recent times, it has been the mechanistic scientists who have challenged the spiritual strongholds of Christianity. Today, the opposition presents a heterogeneous array of materialists, mechanists, behaviourists, humanists and what not, all, from their several sectors, centering their attack upon the Christian citadel. Amid all the jangling voices, one may wonder whether there are wise men who still follow the star of Bethlehem, or, even more pertinently, whether these are the really wise men they presume to be.

Accordingly, it is reassuring, if reassurance is needed, to hear above the babel of these voices, the testimony of the greatest scientists of our time who declare in favor of the supremacy of spiritual truth as against the assaults of the mechanists. Perhaps no man in all the world is listened to with greater respect than is the British astronomer-physicist, Sir Arthur Eddington, who has boldly taken the stand, along with Einstein and other great scientists, in declaring that there are realms of religion which the scientist cannot penetrate and mysteries of faith that science cannot solve. He scouts the idea that natural law may swallow up religion. Science should pause, he says, before rushing in to apply a scientific test to such experience as comes in a silent Quaker meeting. In a radio talk heard round the world, given from London the other day, he declared that it means a great deal to him to conceive of God as him through whom comes power and guidance—and he gave reasons for the unquenchable hope that is within him.

Here, then, is a world-reputed wise man, an astronomer, who, like the wise men of the East, studies the movements in the heavens; and like them, follows the star of Bethlehem as the star of the world's hope. Encouraged by his and similar voices, we may approach this Christmas season with the fresh realization that the Christ of Bethlehem whom we worship is still the universal Christ, adored alike by the shepherds and by the wise men of our day.

The Shepherd's Return

HAROLD E. B. SPEIGHT in *The Christian Leader*

SHEPHERDS are men who think about what they see. They spend long days and nights in quiet places, and they have time to think. They are men of few words, but when they speak it is of things they know. They do not quickly forget events which disturb the normal round of their tasks; unusual occurrences provide them with a calendar of memorable days and years.

So it was that one of the first Christian apostles, passing through northern Judea on his way to Syria, and testifying as he went to the Messiah God had raised up, found in an obscure village among the hills an old man who still remembered the night of Jesus' birth.

He had reached the village as the sun set, and in the twilight he sat talking with the elders, recalling to their minds the words of the prophets and seers of olden days. Their eyes brightened and they listened with eager attention as he recited the words of golden promise. When he ceased to speak, they broke out into a confusion of tongues in which were mingled exclamations of pious gratitude to the Holy One of Israel and angry curses directed against the harsh and extortionate hirelings of the hated foreigner. The rule of Rome seemed to make a mockery of the prophetic pictures of Israel's day of freedom, wealth, and power. Raising his voice, the young stranger interrupted the murmurings with startling words: "Brethren, these scriptures have been fulfilled. We have seen the Messiah, so long promised, so long awaited by our fathers. When John came preaching repentance and proclaiming God's Kingdom, this Jesus went with the throngs to greet him at the Jordan and was baptized with the rest. And a power from on high descended upon him that day, so that all the world followed after him, and he healed many. Twelve of us went with him, and he gave us also power over unclean spirits."

By this time the listeners were quiet again, pressing closer round the stranger. As he went on with his story his words brought from his hearers comments of wonder and joy. They gladly heard his account of the Messiah's treatment of the crafty and hard priests at Jerusalem. But when he came to the dark ending of the story, anger and incredulity were in their upraised voices. What kind of Messiah could this be, accepting ignominious death at the hands of Roman soldiers? The earnest assurance of the speaker that he and some of his friends had seen and talked with Jesus in the weeks following his crucifixion seemed to discredit at once all that he had said. Some laughed, others yawned without attempt at concealment, and some would have denied the hospitality of their village to the demented fellow.

"Assuredly," they said, "he is accursed of God for some terrible sin. It is not meet that he should remain. He will pollute the whole village. Messiah is to come to rule over us as a king and make us the greatest of all peoples. This man's prattle about a Messiah dying as a crucified evil-doer and rising from the tomb to be seen of men is blasphemous. Away with him!"

It was then that the old man on the edge of the circle, who had not as yet spoken, made his way forward and laid a kindly hand on the stranger's shoulder.

"Young man, bless my humble house with your presence this night, and on the morrow we will hear more. The tidings you bring are welcome to my heart. Come, and I will ask you many things while you refresh yourself."

Of the things the old man heard while he and his guest sat under the stars on the house-top, I can not tell. Those things have been often told. But he himself had a story to tell, and one that has never been heard before.

"Years ago," he said, "I was a keeper of sheep for my father. I was but a boy and not too stout of heart. One cold, bright night, before winter was fully upon us and while we were still keeping the sheep at pasture on the lower hillslopes near Bethlehem, I was fearful of bears and other beasts, so I brought my sheep close to the other flocks. I joined the other shepherds and we walked together, talking of the ailments of our sheep, of the bears that had wrought damage in neighboring flocks, and like things that will occupy a shepherd's mind. Suddenly the bright starlight seemed to grow brighter still, across the heavens hung a curtain of light, fold upon fold, and the ground was as clear as at noon. The sheep were startled, but we were yet more amazed, even unto terror.

Already we were asking ourselves what these things might mean when a voice sounded, as of an angel of the Lord, yet we knew not whence came its words. 'Good tidings I bring,' said the Voice, 'good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.' Those words I heard plainly. Others said the angel also told us we must go to Bethlehem and that we should find there a babe lying in a manger. And the heavens seemed to ring with songs of joy, of glory to God and peace on earth. When all was still again, and the bright light was departed from the sky, it was my older brother who spoke first. 'Let us go,' he said, 'even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass.' And we ran to the village, leaving our flocks unguarded—I remember how I feared for their safety. And beside the inn we saw lights in the stable and found there a great stir of people. A woman had been delivered of her first-born son, and we told the father and mother, and all who stood around, that angels had proclaimed this child Messiah, the Anointed of God. Then we returned to our flocks, glorifying and praising God for all the things we had seen and heard."

The stranger was deeply moved by the old shepherd's story. Jesus had told even his closest friends so little of his childhood, and never before had this disciple heard of the humble birth thus welcomed by the angels of God. The old man's tale seemed to explain so many things he had never understood. Now it became clear that God had raised up Jesus to deliver Israel, even from his birth. The young carpenter's discovery of his mission, when John came out of the wilderness proclaiming the Kingdom, was the accomplishment of a purpose God had made known in the angel-song; the hidden years at the bench in Nazareth now had their meaning and fulfillment.

So much was now clear, but there were questions which stirred in the apostle's mind, and at last he could keep them back no longer. Why were none of these shepherds found among those who in after years followed Jesus? When Jesus was sought by the hungry crowds, who found meat and drink in his words of wisdom, where were those who had glorified and praised God for his birth at Bethlehem? When he went up to Jerusalem to brave the worst his enemies could do, why were not the sturdy shepherds from the hill-country at his side? Such were the questionings he voiced, albeit gently and with great respect.

"Ah, my son, your words are the judgment of God," was the old man's answer. "We returned from Bethlehem to our sheep, praising God, but as the days passed the wonder of it all was lost in argument. My brother, he who had been the first to say, 'Let us go to Bethlehem,' was now the first to say that we had been fools. 'The strange lights in the sky,' said he, 'were not so marvelous as we thought. I told my grandfather about them, and he said he had seen just such a sight many years before.' When I asked my brother about the voice, which I myself had heard, he said some pious youth must have been wandering beyond the village bounds below us in the hollow, singing a psalm, his voice echoing to us from hill to hill. A few days later another of our company spoke scornfully of our adventure. 'To think,' he said, 'that we should be so easily deluded! A child is born in Bethlehem—as many a child has been born there—and we are drawn by the excitement to the stable where he is delivered. Of course there never was such a child before. That was what I heard my own mother say when my little brother Benjamin was born. But that such a helpless creature lying there in the straw among the asses and oxen should be God's Anointed—how did we ever dream such a thing could be? Have we not heard that Messiah is to be our Deliverer, and that dominion will be his, even as saith Daniel—his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed? How then look we for our deliverance from this babe? Will our King come out of Nazareth? Because a child is born in David's village, shall we say he, too, is to be a king? Not in a puling child, but in a warrior like Judas of the Maccabees, will God answer our prayers for help.'

"And there was not one of us then who had faith in small beginnings," went on the old man. "What say you Jesus said, 'The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation . . . first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear?' Even so thought I then, but I was not well favored with words and the rest laughed at my childish arguments. Their laughter destroyed my faith. And yet, had my eyes been opened, as Jesus has opened yours, I might have seen all about me the witness that God works mightily through small and weak things. I watered my sheep at a deep pool in a stream that ran across my father's land. A little stream it was, but where it fell over a rock it had cut deeply into the hill. God works like that stream. If we despise the drop of water because it is small, we are despising the might of God.

"The last time my companions and I spoke together of that strange night, I declared that God would doubtless make a great leader of the babe we had seen, but once again they laughed me to scorn. 'A great leader?' they cried. 'But he who is today a babe at the breast can not begin to lead men till a score of years have passed.' Nor could I make answer. Another said, 'It is today that we ask God's help against our oppressors, and it is poor comfort to tell us that when we are old the help we seek will come to us. What use can we then make of the glory that may come to Israel?'

"And so faith left our hearts, and we who had returned glorifying and praising God lost the great hope that had stirred us. And those long years I have pondered what befell that night. Sometimes I have thought I would go up again to Jerusalem—it is many years since I have been there—and inquire whether any had heard of this child. But my doubts answered me that if he had indeed been God's Anointed the word would have spread even to our village. I have never cared much to go up to the festivals, the throng presses so upon one, and the priests make much of things I never understood. So, while the memory has been kept alive, the assurance has grown dim. Now has the Lord surely sent you to rebuke me for my little faith."

There was a long silence. Then the apostle said: "How would our Master have loved you! He was indeed the Savior whom the angels welcomed while you watched your flocks, but he told us often how patient we must be, how much faith we must have. All too often he saw in us, his closest friends and followers, how a bright hope may become dim. He forgave us because he understood. When he saw the danger that the priests would kill him as a disturber of settled things, he told us he would not leave us without comfort, but would send a spirit into our hearts that would show us the way and interpret to us all that he had said. It has been even as he said. At first we thought he would return quickly to take up his Kingdom. Some of us were sure he had promised that. But now we see that his Kingdom must come in the hearts of men, even as he said, 'The Kingdom of God is within you.' So we go from village to village telling the good news and gathering together those who will receive his spirit."

"Ah," said the old man, "your task, my son, is a great one, and great must be your faith. The mighty ones of the world are seated upon strong thrones, and the word of wisdom in your mouth will seem foolishness to them. They will cast you into their prisons for proclaiming a kingdom of love and peace, for in such a kingdom those who live by the sword will have no place. By might and by power are their kingdoms established. The God they know and worship is the might of their own strong arm, and they will have none of a God of love who cares for the poor and needy. But go, give the word to those that will hear. It is a seed, even as you say the Master told you, and in every seed there is promise of a tree. This is a day of small things, but it has in it the promise of that Day of God proclaimed of old by our prophets. Go on your way in the strength the Lord shall give you. As for me"—the light of a great resolve shone in the old man's eyes—"I will make my way back to Bethlehem and seek out those who were

with me on that night so long ago. My brother is among those who sleep, but the rest I will find with God's help, and I will tell them that the word of the angel is fulfilled. Great will be their rejoicing."

With a full heart the stranger took leave of his host when the morrow came, but not until he had told the villagers more of the words and deeds of the Master. Years later, on one of his journeys in distant Thrace, he met Luke the friend, and beloved physician of Paul, and confided to him all that the old man had said. Perhaps that is how Luke came to know the story of the shepherds.

The Christmas Pilgrimage

By Richard K. Morton

CHRISTMAS Eve! And all through the city and the land all hearts and minds were turned to thoughts of Christmas and the Child of Bethlehem! This is the night of glorious childhood, of lovely thoughts of life and hope and God. This is the night for stirring carols and moving hymns. This is the night when life seems to touch the high, the sublime, the divine. Angels once more sing their anthems, and God is revealed anew in each human heart that waits upon him.

There have long been beautiful customs in this land. For weeks the children have been planning for, and looking forward to, the Christmas Eve pilgrimage and to its ceremonies. Adults, too, have been planning for this evening, for they have a share in it.

At the twilight hour, the children leave their homes and meet at various central points in their city. Each has a lantern which contains a candle. These parades then begin to march around the neighborhood, calling on the people and bringing them Christmas greetings. At the first house they light their candles. Each individual child in each parade visits a few houses. Each child carries the lighted candle to the next house and lights a Christmas candle there, and also lights its own candle from that one again, symbolizing the giving and the taking of the Light of the World, Christ. At each house, each child is also given a small gift to be taken to someone else. And at each house, the child visiting asks for that family's story of Christmas— what it means to them, how it has manifest itself to them, and what it has done for them during the past year.

People love to welcome the happy children with their lanterns on this night of nights. They like also to prepare some simple gift for someone else. But they find it hard to explain Christmas to the innocent, keen, and searching minds and hearts of the children.

A child soon knows who has really found in the manger of Bethlehem a personal Savior. The child soon finds out to how many Christmas is simply another holiday season, a time for certain customs and celebrations, and the remembering of a Bible story.

If such a children's pilgrimage, seeking the spirit of Christmas, came to your house, how would it find you, and what would you say? Go with the parade into some homes, and see what is said.

"Aren't those lighted wreaths in your windows beautiful!" exclaims the visiting child in one home. "They look so bright and cheery and happy. They make it so easy to think of beautiful and wonderful things. But you are so cold and sad and dark. Did you just want to put Christmas in your *windows?* I'd rather see Christmas on your face than in those windows." The rebuke was sharp, and helped to make a change in that home.

"The Bible tells us," said another child, "that a little Child was born long ago in Bethlehem. How glad the people must have been, for isn't it always a happy time when a little baby is born? The angel of the Lord brought good tidings, and the herald angels sang for joy and praised God. The Babe was precious, and his coming meant new life to all the people. Why shouldn't we be glad then, just as if we were standing by the manger? We know how this Babe grew up and brought a message of love and saving power to all men, and so his birthday ought to be a time of joy and gladness. On birthdays we do not think so much of the happenings of the day as we do of how much we love and want to serve the one who is having the birthday. Why, then, don't you make this more like a lovely birthday party, and think how much you love the little Child of Bethlehem? Why don't you ask yourselves if you have lived so that you can come to this birthday party without any fears or misgivings? And why don't you ask yourselves if your celebration of Christmas is one that Christ would like?" These were words far beyond the years of the child, and reflected influences of training and thought. And they helped that family.

"Oh, aren't these gifts and decorations beautiful!" exclaimed another child, as she beheld the rich Christmas supplies in one home she visited. Then her face clouded as she remembered something. "But it isn't very much like Christmas in the house down the street where your brother lives," she added, speaking to the father. He and his family had for years paid little attention to the family of his near-by and much less fortunate brother. A child can see and rebuke where others might always fail.

"You have a Christmas tree and lots of gifts and decorations all around," admitted another child who visited a home. "But I read a book that said that the Christmas tree was not used in Bethlehem and that these lovely gifts did not make the real Christmas spirit. All these things are no better than lots of things that the early pagans used to do. I like Santa Claus and his spirit; but isn't the little Child of Bethlehem greater? You have what the pagans had, but where is the Child of Bethlehem? Have you forgotten to show that he is in your house, too, and that you love him?" This criticism was pointed enough.

So, through the evening the children visited the homes of their neighborhood, receiving and giving the light of the spirit of Christmas, receiving gifts for others, and being told stories of Christmas from the hearts of mothers and fathers.

With the visit of the children many homes seemed to be brighter and Christ nearer. In the crisp air of winter they seemed to hear the anthems of the multitude of the heavenly host. To them a herald from above had come to them on the feet of little children. The story of Christ had been told in all its simple beauty by childish lips. They seemed to be like the Magi of old, hastening toward Bethlehem to see that which had come to pass.

O, that we might be like the children and make a Christmas pilgrimage! O, that we might be like the Magi and hasten to the manger! O, that we might have our ears opened and hear the glorious anthems of the heavenly host praising God! O, that we might have our eyes opened and observe in how many ways the influence of the Babe of Bethlehem may work in our lives today. We still may find him, although we live centuries after the Magi. We still may have that glorious feeling which they knew who first realized that God had sent them a Savior. Men are still making a pilgrimage to him. He lived in those who followed him on the earth; but he also lives in those who sincerely follow him today. This is the Christmas pilgrimage.

Boston, Mass.

The universal joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful. We ring the bells when princes are born, or toll a mournful dirge when great men pass away. Nations have their red-letter days, but once in the year and only once, the whole world stands still to celebrate the advent of a life. Only Jesus of Nazareth claims this world-wide, undying remembrance. You cannot cut Christmas out of the Calendar, nor out of the heart.

Christmas Christianity

By Ira C. Dawes

"Behold, the virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel: which being interpreted is, God with us." "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us."—Matthew 1:23 and John 1:14.

CHRISTMAS is more than a day, an event, an annual affair of feasting and fellowship; it has a deep spiritual significance for those who appreciate its expression of good will, peace, and human brotherhood. Despite the worldliness, the materialism, the industrial and scientific spirit of this modern day, Christmas holds its place as one event without a rival. The ancient town of Bethlehem shines with deathless splendor, because of the marvelous power of the personality discovered to the world within its manger cradle.

Christmas Christianity always carries with it the atmosphere of expectancy. Much of our modern religion is dull and uninteresting because it has lost that atmosphere. Nothing happens in our religious life because the spirit of expectancy is low.

During the long centuries before the birth of Christ, prophets, priests, wise men, kings and peasants, waited expectantly for the day when the Mighty One should come to restore the lost values of peace, love, and good will among the people. Everywhere men felt a deep need—nothing the world could answer. Through all the varied experiences of Israel in which she lost many things of real value, the spirit of expectancy never died.

Christianity radiates the spirit of spiritual expectancy. It is the religion of which most is expected. In some dim and undetermined manner the world expects Christianity to bring "peace on earth and good will among men." Wherever there is any failure to do this, leaders among men around the world condemn the Church—the visible organization of Christianity. I believe this is one of the greatest challenges that confronts the Christian world at the present time.

It may be that we have come upon this troubled and confused day in history because we have not expected Christianity to work in our industrial, social, political, and international life. For long years we have looked for Christian evidence in some confirming ecclesiastical organization, or in a fitting doctrinal word, whereas, Christianity is ethical, social, political, industrial, and human. Our low spirit of expectancy has almost nullified its power along the common avenues of human trouble and confusion in our work-a-day world.

Christmas Christianity expects and works for a better world: a world of peace among the nations; a world where morality underlies commerce and industry; where pleasure is guided by a quickened conscience; where policies are directed by principles; where science regards human life as sacred, and where sacrifice becomes an integral part of all worship.

In Christianity charged with the expectant spirit of Christmas there is great hope for a new day. Let this spirit of expectancy pervade our work, our prayers, our plans for the Church, and stir our hearts to match our faith against all the difficulties the day reveals.

Christmas Christianity continues to proclaim the wondrous story of "God with us." No longer is it necessary to make perilous journeys to find God. He is now here. He lives and moves among the haunts of men. He is intimate, near, familiar. He was born, lived as a child, and on through youth to manhood. Now we have a Gospel for children, for he was a child. Now we have a Gospel for poverty, for he was poor with a manger cradle, and for long and weary years he was homeless. Now we have a Gospel for labor, for he worked with his hands until they were bruised with toil. Now we have a Gospel for our common life, since "He took upon himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of sinful flesh; made perfect through suffering; and tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin."

A famous musician was requested to compose a national anthem for one of the little countries of middle Europe, at the close of the world war. So he moved to that country and lived with the people, sharing their poverty and hardships, and dreaming their dreams of national solidarity and splendor. Then out of years of experience in learning their language and spirit, he wrote a national anthem truly expressing the thought and spirit of the people. God did that for mankind through Christ at the first Christmas. He moved into our humanity, "pitched his tent in our midst," became accessible and understandable, intimate and familiar. He came to humanity in a mother's arms. He was found as a "babe in a manger wrapped in swaddling clothes," showing us that this flesh of ours can entertain divinity. "Jesus Christ became what we are, that he might make us what he is." In Christ we have the "down-reach of God to man, and the up-reach of man to God."

Christmas Christianity means we no longer need to make long journeys to find God. He is Emmanuel—"God with us." He is here at work and play, realizing himself in the plastic materials of our common humanity. "God with us" in shop, and school, and Church, in prosperity and adversity, in sickness and health, in strength and weakness, in our day of victory and in our saddest defeats. "God with us"—in the crowded tenement, in the narrow, neglected streets of the East side and West side, in the stock yard district, in the foul smelling and smoky shanties of the miners and steel workers. "God with us"—the rich and the mighty, the poor and the down-trodden, the saint and the sinner. The best of all, "God with *us*."

"To all earth's weary, struggling men,
The world's sole hope seems born again,
When breaks the light of Christmas morn,
'Lo! unto us a Child is born.'"

Indianapolis, Ind.

The Christmas Sign

By Walter W. Weesner

AT THIS season of the year the nativity of our Lord is brought to our minds from within and without. In the four Gospels we have but two narratives of the birth of Christ. Matthew in his account emphasizes the visit of the three wise men, while Luke tells us of the shepherds keeping watch of their flocks by night, and of the humble condition of our Saviour's birth. The finding of the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger, was to be a sign unto the shepherds, and was apparently of deep significance to the angels.

It is not unreasonable to think that, if the Lord had chosen, he could have been born under the most splendid conditions of that time; but he was not so born because these regal circumstances would not have had the significance which attaches to the humble conditions, to the swaddling clothes and the manger. In these lowly surroundings are expressed the infinite sympathy of the Lord's coming; the complete removal of everything which could oppress and overawe mankind; the immediateness of his presence with divine truth and love.

The swaddling clothes of the infant were, in particular, emblems of the accommodation of his divine truth to the feeble status of man. He would speak in human language, in human forms of thought, in parables of nature drawn from the trees, birds, and flowers; he would speak in simple precepts adapted to the understanding of a child. His lying in the manger where gentle animals found their nourishment was representative of the infinite tenderness with which through all his life the Lord would bring the divine goodness and love down within

the reach of men, to strengthen in their hearts every innocent and useful affection.

Everything good and true, everything innocent, holy and happy, must be born in us, if we are to become the subjects of regeneration, and thus prepared to enter into heaven.

Our Lord's nativity represents the birth of everything spiritual and heavenly from him into our individual world, into our natural man. "Christ in us is the hope of glory," therefore the Lord, in his divine love and wisdom, must be born in us, as the only hope of attaining our glorious destiny in heaven.

When we commemorate the Lord's nativity, we should remember that the perfect way of contemplating this event is that the Lord, in relation to all the principles of his kingdom, must be born within us and that this birth is effected by the acknowledgment of him in his divine humanity—"Thou are the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Do any of us feel that our problems, our trials, our temptations are such as the Lord cannot know; who feel we are so evil that we must be beyond the reach of mercy. Do any of us feel it hopeless to try to live a Christian life? Let us remember the sign of the swaddling clothes and the manger, and know that the Lord has come to be our Saviour, and to bring to us great joy.

We can never feel forsaken, we can never feel hopeless or alone, we can never feel doubtful of success, if we remember the Christmas sign, the sign in which angels rejoiced, the sign which bears witness that the Lord is present with the least and humblest of his children with his saving power.

Denver, Colorado.

When is it Christmas?

By Louise A. Stinetorf

UNTIL last year, Christmas always came on the twenty-fifth of December for me. Of course there was always the joy of anticipation for weeks ahead of time, culminating in an almost feverish intoxication while we fought sleep to listen for reindeer or, a few years later, decorated the tree late on the evening of the twenty-fourth; and, indeed, there was always the holiday excitement lingering in the air for days after, just as a runner continues to breathe hard for some time after finishing his race; but Christmas was December 25, starting as early in the morning as the tiniest noise awakened one of us, and lasting until exhaustion or parental desperation drove us to bed.

The idea that those of us who formally celebrate Christmas should not all do so at the same time was quite a surprise to me when it was first called to my attention by the fact that we who were in the Friends schools in Ram Allah, Palestine, were to have what appealed to me as an abnormally long vacation so as to include our own keenly anticipated twenty-fifth, the Latin Christmas, the Greek Christmas, and an obscure Moslem holiday. Since Christmas is a relatively unimportant event among Arabs calling for no feast, no visiting, and gifts only as the custom has crept in among the very well-to-do who have had contact with the western world—coupled with the fact that gifts from America arrived all the way from the first of December until the middle of February—I began to wonder just what and when Christmas really is.

The scientist experiments when he is in doubt, the philosopher ponders, and ordinary people just ask questions when they can't us the ready-made knowledge of either. "When the Russians used to come! Oh!!"—and white haired Miss Katie, who has loved and served her way through fully three score of Christmases in the Holy Land, looked her utter helplessness before the task of describing the scene to a stranger still young enough to remember when Christ's birthday meant little more than gifts. There were thousands upon thousands of pilgrims, always on foot, that being a part of the rite, trudging along through the cold mud and rain and Palestine's very infrequent snow, many dying of exposure and sometimes even of hunger by the sides of the roads, many spending the savings of a lifetime, and in a few cases the savings of father, mother, brothers and sisters—all for the sake of kneeling in prayer where our Savior was born. "Most of them were old, many of them were exhausted from carrying their heavy rolls of bedding, food, etc., and all of them came singing. Once, a long time ago, there came a heavy sleet storm and they died at the sides of the roads like flies. We sent out donkeys to bring them to the school for shelter; but many, dying as they spoke, refused to ride. We buried them in a big common grave. We used to teach the girls all the Russian we knew—the word for welcome —so that they could call it to them as they passed the gate." The pilgrims' holiday was almost as extended as that of my childhood. I wonder if they could have put their fingers on any specific date and said, "This is Christmas!"

It was a matter of surprise to me that everyone said, "Of course you will go to Shepherds' Field on Christmas eve!" and then added as an insignificant afterthought, "You might like to see the service in the Church of the Nativity—it's kind of nice to be able to say you saw it; people expect it, you know." The careless disregard made me wonder if there were something peculiar in my own feeling of reverence. All of us recognize what an important part environment plays in our lives; and surely if one were to catch the spirit of Christ it could be done at no better time than on Christmas Eve, and in no more fitting place than where twenty centuries ago a mother welcomed her first born son, wise men hailed the Messiah, and hosts of angels set the heavens ringing with their peans of joy. How could one spend a Christmas in Palestine and not want to go to Christ's Birthplace?

I went and saw it; and a few things stick in my mind as a result of the service presided over by a Cardinal, in an unheated church, and lasting from 10 p. m. until aften 2 a. m.; the little Armenian nurse, half my size, who in spite of protests would pull my heavy head onto her shoulder for cat naps; the official pages of the different embassies, resplendent in their gorgeous Arabian Nights uniforms with their great heavy rods banging down on the floor with every step to clear a way for the dignitaries and their ladies; the nuns in the manger alcove who the guards said had knelt in prayer all day on the cold stone under the cloth of gold hangings that the Governor, an Englishman, had had to fasten up with his own hands to keep from precipitating actual fighting among the jealous sects; the tourist who shouted, "I tell you I came all the way from Detroit to see this, and I'm goin' up where I can get a good seat!" and fairly wrestled with the armed British Tommy who forced her to the back and to one side out of the reserved section; and last of all, the blind beggar boy in pitiful rags who joined in the responses with tears running down his cheeks and his hands trembling on the bench in front of him as he knelt again and again. These and other incidents made me wonder if Christ, who loves us well enough to share our sorrows whether we are unmindful of him in our joys or not, must not smile—perhaps a little tremulously—at the way we remember him on his birthday.

But Christmas, real Christmas, came after we had eaten our supper of barbecued sheep and native bread made of wheat in hand mills and baked in the same kind of ovens used by Mary to bake Joseph's and Jesus's bread, at the entrance to such a little cave as Palestinian shepherds have always used to house their sheep. With actual shepherds in the background in their broad-striped, flowing robes and staffs in their hands, and the myriad lights of Bethlehem twinkling scarce brighter or nearer-seeming than the stars above, it was easy to picture lonely men on a hillside two thousand years ago and their surprise and wonder at the heavenly choir, although the fact that they did not fully comprehend the import of its message is more than probable.

And then, just as those shepherds picked them way over the stones, down through the narrow, crooked streets of Bethlehem to the wonder-illumined manger where Mary and the Christ child lay; so we stumbled in our eagerness across the rocky field to the top of the hill. There a little group of about one hundred men and women, gathered from all parts of the world, stood and worshiped together. One spoke, or another prayed as the wonder of the world's unique gift, more precious and wonderful now after twenty centuries than ever before, prompted him; and strangely enough, regardless of what his race, nationality, or religious sect might be, each voiced the prayer that trembled in the innermost corner of the heart of everyone else. Peace on earth and good will to men was accomplished on that little hilltop for one night at least, and surely there can be no greater glory to God than such pregnant harmony as this. All nights would be holy if such perfect love, sympathy, and understanding could endure the searing blight of materialistic days.

There were many appropriate songs to sing while standing there overlooking Bethlehem, but there was one that welled forth from every heart:

"Oh, little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by. . . ."

If once each year the silent stars look down upon a group of touched men and women who go forth, literally from God presence, to every corner of the earth to carry that holy memory unforgettably in their hearts, the leaven of his perfect love is working now as surely as when it drew fishermen from their nets and troubled the arrogance of petty kings.

As a child, everyone of us has eagerly questioned, "Mother, when is it Christmas?" And her smile at our impatience had back of its tenderness all the understanding of a love that was wholly ours in spite of our well-known failings. Now I know that when one can stand in loving fellowship with men and women, regardless of race, nationality, creed, or economic and social advantage, and watch the lights of a world-wide Bethlehem trembling from the wealth of happiness and peace they illumine in every home and sing:

"Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight"—

then it will be Christmas, be it December twenty-fifth or the middle of August. Then will men live in a spirit of loving and unselfish service that will make them pour out the best of their heads, hearts, and hands on the rest of mankind; and their lives will be as truly Christ's as the gold, frankincense, and myrrh of the wise men. It may be that God, too, smiles in sympathetic understanding of our eager questioning. "When? When?"

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sympathy is the Word

BY ELIZABETH H. EMERSON

AT THIS season of the year, the words "happiness," "joy," "giving," and "sharing" are on many lips. They are good words and belong to Christmas. But from year to year, some one great quality of Jesus' life seems to suit the time, and need particular emphasis. This is a year of suffering. The pain resulting from the physical factors of cold and hunger alone is appalling. At such a time it seems well to think of that great *sympathy* which moved in the heart of Jesus. The familiar examples flash to our minds: Jesus with Mary and Martha in their hour of trouble; almost every one of his acts of healing; his stories of the prodigal son and the good Samaritan.

There is danger that this good word "sympathy" lose in standing, because of association with the less meaningful one, "pity." Pity looks down from a height of better circumstances; sympathy reaches out a hand. Pity takes only a minute; sympathy requires time. Pity will lie back of too many baskets handed to the poor this year; sympathy was behind a conversation I could not avoid hearing the other day, between a teacher and student. The girl entered the class room with shining eyes, and the teacher met her with, "All fixed?" Yes, the knotty problem of earning board and room had been solved, and one more quarter of college had been assured. "And you will have regular hours of work?" A definite schedule was being arranged. "But what about clothes?" There followed a discussion of how a skirt might be lengthened, a blouse cut, an old coat made to serve. And the girl went away, hopeful and determined. That teacher's pity would have been worth little to one struggling with poverty to secure an education, but her sympathetic understanding of the problems of these hard-pressed children of the ranches often means the difference between giving up and going on.

In the hurry and business of our lives, would we not do well to stop at the Christmas season to take stock of our own stores of sympathy? Jane Addams tells how, naturally sensitive to suffering, she found, in youth, that she was growing callous. With the discovery came the determination so to use her life that sympathy would make a strong claim upon it. Out of this determination came Hull House. It requires a real expenditure of time and effort to care about the joys and sorrows of other people. And the majority of us are too much occupied with our own interests to give more than a sigh of pity. Jesus had time. We never hear the words, "I am too busy," on his lips. He did not look upon humanity in the mass; he knew people by name. Sin and suffering and injustice were not abstract ideas to him; they were realities affecting the lives of individuals.

Will you join with me in a sincere prayer to be saved from hardness of heart? For a fresh baptism of sympathy?

Las Vegas, N. M.

The Supreme Revelation

LET US get at the things we do most surely believe. Let us look into our own hearts and write. Not for human eyes, but as between God and the soul, let us set down the points which are settled and beyond dispute: Jesus Christ is the supreme revelation of God. Within the circle of his being lies all that we can know of God. But in the close approach to him, as he was in the Gospel narrative, as he is in the Spirit—for Christ is above all a Presence always at hand to the soul—I am impressed with the certainty that forgiveness is brought to my sin, and complete restoration to my moral and spiritual nature. This is clear in experience, but only at times, and partially, lucid to the intellect. This broad fact stands out like a rugged mountain-range, softened in the morning and the evening lights, outlined against the saffron sky, bathed with purple and crimson dyes in moments of magical transformation, but hard to climb or to penetrate. There are times when the whole range is covered with dense and thunderous clouds. For days together the mountains recede and are invisible. This is the rugged fact of Christianity: that Christ is the propitiation for sin, the propitiation set forth, not by man, but by God; that in him God passes judgment on sin, and yet forgives; that the pardon works deliverance; that as the soul dwells more and more trustfully in this reality of reconciliation with God in Christ, the example of Christ becomes more and more imitable and the word of Christ more and more authoritative, more and more sin ceases to have dominion.—ROBERT H. HORTON, in "Great Issues."

Tagore Addresses Friends

Is Present at Meeting of American Friends Service Committee

THE meeting of the Service Committee on December 4th opened, after the brief devotional exercise, with greetings to Levi Pennington and wife, from the Pacific Coast; to Blanche Howland, Secretary of the New England Branch; to Caroline Norment, now Dean of Women in Antioch College; to Thomas Twyman, of the Friends Service Council; to Amiya Chakravarty, Secretary to Rabindranath Tagore. A little later, we all had an opportunity to greet the poet himself.

The first item of business was the approval of the minute of appreciation to Gilbert and Marga MacMaster. This summed up their devoted service with the Committee, since 1920, and set forth the important place Gilbert has held in the life of the Berlin Center, and of the German Yearly Meeting—"The Father of our Meeting," as the German Friends call him.

The loss of Dr. O. Edward Janney was mentioned with deep regret, and a minute of sympathy and appreciation was approved to send to his family. He was one of the original fifteen called together to form the Service Committee, and had given himself unreservedly to its work since then, being a valuable member of the Peace Section.

ENTERS POET TAGORE

Clarence E. Pickett told of his meeting the poet in England, and explained our connection with him. He has come to this country under our auspices, partly to see the better side of American life, partly to try to gather funds for the School and Settlement at Santiniketan, India. The Service Committee is sending Harry and Rebecca Timbres to take charge of the Health work there for the coming four years, and is trying to put Tagore in the way of securing the desired assistance.

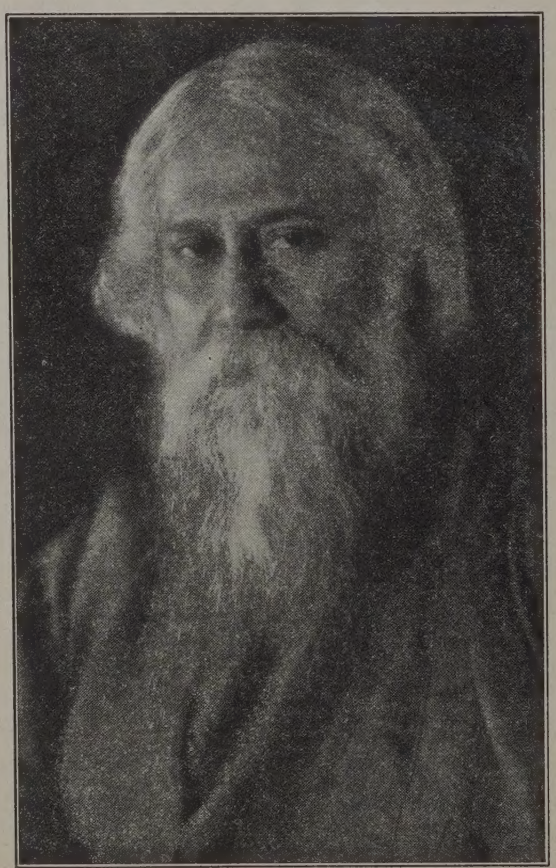
As the poet slowly entered, every person in the room rose, with a single impulse of veneration and respect for the venerable figure before them. The abundant white hair and white beard are familiar now to all Friends. Most of the pictures, however, fail to show the clear-cut profile, with a remarkably strong aquiline nose, the nose of a man of action, surmounted by the lofty forehead of the dreamer of dreams. Dressed in a heavy, flowing robe of dark stuff, he sat on the facing seat before us, his eyes cast down—from lack of strength, it seemed—and spoke in a very low, but clear voice:

"My friends, I feel grateful to you for giving me this opportunity to meet you once more, and talk to you about my own mission in life. I can assure you it has not been at all easy for me to come this distance—not merely because of the geographical barriers, but because I am uncertain of my power of surmounting the spiritual barriers. I know how extremely difficult it is to realize the bond of friendship between people who are so far from your immediate range of interest, who have their own different interests, and who hardly know the language which comes close to your heart. I have to struggle with this natural obstruction.

"Yet I have a great responsibility which drives me on to do my best to find some way to bring help to the most helpless of all people that I know, who live on the brink of starvation for ages, and do not complain. I may fail in my wishes, but the sacrifice was plain to me. I must do something for them.

"And when our friend, Dr. Harry G. Timbres was with us, and with the optimism of youth, gave me to understand that it would be possible for you to advance my wishes, that I might appeal to your generosity, especially to this community of Friends, who have had so many real human relationships in good work, then I was assured in my mind that I should take this chance, though my health was weak.

"Here, I was once or twice on the point of complete breakdown. The doctor asked me to go back home immediately, and not to take longer this risk of a new climate and of very strenuous work which might lead to disappointment which would not be good for my health. But, though I had nearly exhausted my own physical resources of strength, I had in mind the great words of the Bhagavad-Gita, in which it is said, 'The work is for you, but not the success.'



"It was my duty to work for these people who can claim help and sympathy from all human hearts, and I could not claim exemption from my duty on the pretext of weakness. I believe it is agreed that when one desires to do more good than is possible for him to do, he has to know his limitations, and that can only be known through experience. I know my Master would not exact more from me than what I could offer to Him.

"And I do believe that I have not spared myself since I came to this country. I have talked day after day to groups of listeners, and I have been told that my words did go home. Now the time has come for me to leave your shores, and go back to those people for whom I have been working for over thirty years and at least they will know that I have been their friend who are friendless.

"I do not know the technique of the kind of work which has to be done in this land. I am a stranger. I travel like a bird that has to fly against a storm, and I struggle hard; but I have

had some opportunity of meeting kind-hearted people who tried to hearten me, and I am thankful to them. If you think that a channel of help could be opened through you between my country and this country, it will revive some hope in the hearts of my people. I have hoped that I have touched the hearts of your people. If so, then the sympathy which has been aroused should not go to waste; the harvest should be gathered.

"May I leave that work to your hands? It is not possible for me to carry on this mission for any length of time. My own people are waiting for me. I have been away for a year, and I know they are longing to have me back, and I must go back. So I can only depend upon your kindness for carrying out this work, the work which I am told I have done, but which has to be pursued to its final end."

Regretting deeply that his illness had made it necessary to cancel so many of his engagements, he yet thanked Friends most heartily for all that they had done for him, for their interest and their hospitality.

Several Friends responded to his remarks. "His visit is a benediction to us," said Henry Cadbury. As the poet then rose to say farewell, Friends rose with him once more, and stood until he had left the room.

SANTINIKETAN

The school was then discussed. "A beginning has been made in creating interest; but that interest must be conserved, and this is our Committee's task," said the Chairman. Harry Timbres reminded us that "Year by year the poet has poured into this institution his money, his personality, his very life. All that he has earned from his books and lectures has gone to the support of Santiniketan. He wishes to feel assured that the work will be continued after he is gone. I beg Friends to give consideration to the work. It is a field like no other for bringing the East and West together."

Henry T. Hodgkin pointed out the significance of the fact that "at this moment when one of India's great leaders is in jail, watching from there the political agonies of his people, the other great Indian figure is here, working for interracial understanding. His effort is not to emphasize the differences between two great civilizations, but to bring the finest ideals of India into harmony with the West. Out of the vision that we have, we can not say that such an effort, even in the tension of the present time, is futile."

As to what we can do to help Santiniketan, it was pointed out that a Committee of twenty-five is being formed in New York, to collect funds for Tagore and his work. A small committee from the Service Committee may well cooperate with them.

IN SCHOOLS AND PRISONS

Henry van Etten, of the Paris Center, said farewell to the Committee at this time. He and Marcelle van Etten are to sail on the 20th of December. "Up to the present moment, I have made forty-three addresses, and visited eighteen schools and ten prisons. I do not know the results from your standpoint. But I do know them from mine. Such visits mean greater understanding of each other's point of view. America is no longer an unknown country to us. It is a matter of fact, and not of hearsay. We know, too, more about the Quakers and Quaker work than ever before.

"I have two concerns. First, the situation in France just now. The peace societies should wage a far stronger campaign for peace, but they are small and poor. If this country could understand the situation, it might help in many ways. Second, the need of a Friends school in France. We have been studying the schools here, the spirit, the teachers, etc. Such a school would be a very constructive piece of work."

Eleanor Garrett spoke in admiration of the courage and cheerfulness of Marcelle van Etten, who has been obliged to spend four or five weeks in the Pennsylvania Hospital, but always made the best of things.

At our last meeting the Federal Council of Churches asked us to carry on relief work in Danville, Va. The matter was referred to the Board of Directors. The Board decided that our first service, if any, should be to try to create a spirit of conciliation. A deputation of four was accordingly named to go down for this purpose, and to investigate the whole situation. But just at this time, Secretary Davis sent a couple of arbitrators to try to arrange things between the mill owner and the men, and we have waited to see the result of this.

DEPUTATION TO INDIA

At the last meeting Jesse H. Holmes expressed a concern that we should send a deputation to India to make a study of the non-violent movement, and conditions in general. The committee named to investigate this got in touch with Carl Heath and Gilbert Bowles. Their opinion, as well as that of the London Meeting for Sufferings, is that for the present we should take no step in the matter.

The Service Committee has received several invitations for the coming months to meet in New York, Boston, Washington and Baltimore. It has been decided to go to New York for the regular meeting on January 22nd, and to Boston for the April meeting.

Wilderness Tales

Stories of the Trailside and of mountain life, breathing the atmosphere of nature's open spaces.

The author is Floyd Schmoe, a Friend, for ten years guide, ranger and naturalist of Mount Rainier National Park.

Forty-two illustrations by the author. Christmas edition, $1.25.

Friends Book and Supply House
Richmond, Indiana

PRESENTING THE QUEST

For those young Friends and older Friends who do not know of *The Quest* or do not subscribe to it, this small account is dedicated.

The Quest is an international paper originated because of the interest aroused at the Young Friends International Conference, held at Brussels, Belgium in 1928. It is published in London and comes out every three months. It is an attractive paper of about twenty pages.

Its contents cover a wide range of subjects. I am thinking especially of the last number which came out in October. There are articles by eight different people. One is in Esperanto with a short synopsis, in English. India is a subject which demands much attention from the English Young Friends and ought to demand more from America. Extracts from the address of Jawaharlal Nehru, president of the All-India National Congress held last Christmas, give a very clear idea of what India is feeling. An Englishman writes on the problem of a social system which should not rely on the army. There is an article on Personal Socialism and one about the work among coal miners in the little town of Brynmawr in Wales.

This is not by any means a complete list of the articles. The editorial states "Service is the outcome of the dedicated life." *The Quest* is a paper which helps one's knowledge of service and which will strengthen one's dedication. It is a paper that every young Friend in America ought to have. It is a new venture, but one greatly worth supporting and encouraging. It is a paper that is ready to face all spiritual and social problems fearlessly and honestly. It has a space given over for discussion and criticism, it suggests books for current problems. Because it is international it can be in touch with all countries and it will reach many groups who are not Friends.

The subscription is only one dollar per year. More information will be gladly sent, together together with a copy of *The Quest*. Please write to Elizabeth Marsh, 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia, or D. Elton Trueblood, 3107 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland, or Mary Hoxie Jones, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

MARY HOXIE JONES.

Haverford, Pa.

QUAKERDOM · AT · LARGE

A recent article in the German monthly magazine, *Der Turner*, refers to the Quaker relief work in Germany in a rather unusual way, and we quote a few sentences. "The present tremendous intercourse between Germany and the United States is the result of the pioneer work of a few. At the beginning of the year 1920, that is to say when Americans hardly dared go from Coblenz into the interior of Germany, appeared the little group of American Quakers. The first Quaker workers concerned themselves with an inquiry into the reasons for and the extent of the undernourishment of the German children. This inquiry, carefully planned, extended over the entire country. It was not merely conscientious relief or mission work, but investigation work on a high level. . . . The Quakers worked hand in hand with the Government Health Bureau, and aroused by wide-spread propaganda understanding of the problem, *Germany*."

* * * *

Seneca H. and Alice E. Stevens have temporarily closed their house in Tillson, N. Y., and taken up their abode for the winter and early spring at the Huntington Home, so their address until May 7, will be 230 Main Street, Amesbury, Mass. In fairly good health, Seneca H. Stevens entered upon his ninety-sixth year November 15, 1930. He was the happy recipient of many birthday greetings, some substantial gifts, and a friend in New York sent a large box from a Newburyport florist, containing exquisite flowers. A beautiful birthday cake with the conventional candles, though necessarily fewer than ninety-five, was the crowning feature of the supper made for him at the home. Our aged Friend is a living illustration of these words from the 91st Psalm: "He that dwells in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. . . . With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation."

* * * *

The recent visit of Louis T. Jones of Whittier College to the Zuni Indians in western New Mexico is interestingly reported in the *Whittier News*. He went loaded and returned loaded, having taken about six hundred pounds of warm, usable clothing contributed by local citizens and returned with almost an equivalent amount of curios and examples of Indian handicraft. The Whittier "goodwill gift" was joyously received by the Zuni reservation officials and by the Indians, distribution being made under direction of the government nurse. He brought back several genuine Indian rugs of different designs to be put on display and sold by the women's auxiliary of Whittier College. The visit was at Thanksgiving time and during a ten-day feast celebrated by the Indians.

* * * *

Mae N. Replogle, of Cashmere, Washington, was a vivacious visitor at the Central Offices at Richmond, December 11th. She was on her way East where she will spend the winter with her son, Delbert Replogle, and family at 254 Christie Heights Avenue, Leonia, New Jersey.

* * * *

An interesting kodak picture has come to the American Friends Board of Missions office from East Africa. It was taken at Mombasa in September, and presents Fred and Alta Hoyt and little daughter, Martha, standing grouped around an old colored man of patriarchal mien seated on a chair. With all deference to our Friends, chief interest centers in the ancient Negro. He is Matthew Wellington, the last survivor of the party who tenderly and lovingly bore the dead body of David Livingstone from the interior of Africa to the sea for transport to his native land.

* * * *

The Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada announces that the theme of the Foreign Mission literature program for 1932 will be China, and that our Friend, Henry T. Hodgkin, former secretary of the National Christian Council of China, has accepted the Movement's invitation to prepare the manuscript for the adult study book.

* * * *

Harold E. B. Speight, writer of the article, "The Shepherd's Return," reproduced in this issue from *The Christian Leader*, is a New England Friend who is a member of the Faculty of Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire.

* * * *

We learn that January 6th will mark the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Orlando and Leanah Hobson, now resident at 515 East Barley Street, Whittier, California, they having been married at Bedford, Indiana, January 6, 1881. For the greater part of the half century, they have been actively engaged in pastoral and evangelistic work in various yearly meetings, and spent one year in England, Scotland, and Ireland. We are sure that many of their friends will wish to send them greetings on their golden wedding anniversary.

* * * *

Errol T. Elliott, Secretary of the Five Years Meeting with special concern for the spiritual life of the membership, has been spending some weeks in acceptable service in North Carolina Yearly Meeting. Lewis W. McFarland, Yearly Meeting Superintendent, writes approvingly of his work among North Carolina Friends, and expresses appreciation for his coming among them, feeling that his visit has contributed to the spiritual development of the Yearly Meeting.

* * * *

Levi T. Pennington, President of Pacific College, Newberg, Oregon, was the speaker at Collection on December 2 at Haverford College, repaying a similar visit of President Comfort to Pacific College. The theme of his talk was Faith. For three reasons he was sorry for the man who did not have religion and faith. Faith changes a man's inner spirit; it is contagious; and it brings one's soul into connection with infinite sources of power.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

Several Friends of Puget Sound Quarterly Meeting, from Everett and Seattle, Washington, enjoyed Thanksgiving Day in a primitive setting at Quaker Cove, the newly acquired site of the Northwest Young Friends Conference. The pioneers began to arrive on Monday. Thereafter brush fires were very much in evidence by day and night until Friday morning when the workers dispersed. A turkey dinner, with all of its proper accompaniments, was served for the Thanksgiving celebration in the rough board cabin in which eleven Friends, young and older, had camped the preceding night. The weather was mild and ideal for outdoor work throughout the entire week. A movement is on foot to continue the clearing activities during Christmas vacation.

* * * *

Ira P. and Aletha Allen Dumas of Hoquiam, Washington, have just concluded a series of evangelistic meetings at Denair, California. Much good has come to the church and community through their ministry.

* * * *

Whittier Monthly Meeting recently recorded Roy L. Van Deman a minister of the Gospel, with the concurrence of the Quarterly Meeting in accordance with the discipline of California Yearly Meeting. Special recognition of this was made at the Whittier Church Night supper, December 3, when short addresses were given by Frank W. Dell, Superintendent of the Yearly Meeting, Edwin McGrew, president of the evangelistic and church extension board, and the local pastor, Willard O. Trueblood. Dr. Van Deman was formerly of the Baptist

Church and is this year teaching in Whittier College. Of him it has been said: He is a great personality, and a great teacher.

* * * *

Some interesting features of the Two Day Rally at Greenville Quarterly Meeting, Iowa, were various musical numbers rendered by people from both Greenville and Arnold's Park. A recreation hour was conducted at each place from four to six o'clock in the afternoon by competent leaders. Splendid lunches and dinners were enjoyed by those in attendance. During the evening meals, pep songs and yells were given by Arnold's Park and Greenville young people, after which an open forum was conducted and made especially interesting by Theodore Foxworthy on subjects along the lines of Christian Endeavor work. On Tuesday evening, October 14, after the message was given on "Enlisting for the Task," when Mrs. Theodore Foxworthy called for a rededication of lives to Christian service, about forty-five young people stood enlisting themselves in the service for Christ and his work. The closing service was very interesting, at which time Frank Carpenter gave an illustrated lecture on "What It Means to Be a Christian," using the Frank Dell slides, thus ending a very helpful two days.

* * * *

A very successful revival meeting was held at Anderson, Indiana, November 9-23, conducted by Howard W. Cope, pastor of Muncie Friends church. The singing was in charge of Marvin Proctor of the Anderson college. Special musical numbers were furnished from time to time by students of Anderson college and also by Muncie Friends. Visitors attended from Fairmount, Little Ridge, Spiceland and Muncie. One evening a delegation of 75 came from Muncie, bringing their Men's Chorus, consisting of twelve voices. They sang four numbers which were very much appreciated. A duet by Howard Cope and wife at another time was much enjoyed. Smaller delegations from Muncie attended frequently. Howard Cope preached a full gospel which brought conviction and thirty-five sought definite blessings. Thirteen united with the church by request, four by letter and there are prospects of others coming. Joseph W. Youngs, pastor of the Anderson meeting, will begin a two weeks' revival meeting at Muncie on January 11.

* * * *

Cedar Creek, in Salem Quarterly Meeting, recently honored two of their oldest members, George Hodson and Enos J. Maxwell, at a birthday surprise gathering. Alma Kellum and Bessie F. Collins had arranged a splendid program for this occasion. A mixed quartet sang the favorite hymns of the two honored Friends, "Tell Me the Story of Jesus," and "Throw Out the Lifeline." They were each presented with a book in memory of the occasion. A special feature was the cutting and passing of the two large birthday cakes by George and Enos. Minnie B. Trueblood read an original poem which was greatly appreciated.

* * * *

The ministers' conference of Indiana Yearly Meeting held at Anderson, December 2, was a time of great blessing and inspiration to those present. The ministers and their wives, about fifty visitors in all, were served dinner and supper in the dining room of the church by the women of Anderson meeting. Dr. W. P. Rilling, pastor of the Lutheran Church at New Castle, spoke in the morning on Evangelism and in the eve-

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ning on the Personality and Work of the Holy Spirit. In the afternoon Dr. H. H. Straton, pastor of the Baptist Church at Muncie, spoke on the Place of Prayer in the Evangelistic Program. Several ministers in the Yearly Meeting participated in the discussions in the morning and afternoon sessions.

* * * *

A banquet was given by the Christian Endeavor of Ashboro Street Friends Church, Greensboro, North Carolina, in honor of their new pastor, Ralph H. Boring, and his wife, who came recently from Glens Falls, N. Y. More than a hundred Endeavorers and members of the church extended to them an enthusiastic welcome, the address being given by Clyde A. Milner, Dean of Guilford College, to which the pastor responded. The music was furnished by the church orchestra. President W. W. Blair served as toastmaster for the occasion.

* * * *

Whitewater Quarterly Meeting was held at Richmond, December 6, with representatives present from most of the local meetings. The theme for general discussion was Evangelism, in which many participated enthusiastically and helpfully. The message during the period for worship was given by Charles E. Hiatt, Superintendent of Indiana Yearly Meeting. Paul and Burnie Wright, the new pastors at Centerville, were present and also John I. Wright and their father, Gurney Wright, from Dublin. During the business session in the afternoon, Daniel Peacock gave an interesting talk on Quaker literature for the Literature Committee, and Charles M. Woodman made an earnest appeal for the work of our missions. The clerks were directed to prepare suitable messages to President Hoover and the Indiana Senators encouraging them to support the proposition to have the United States become a member of the World Court.

* * * *

The Women's Missionary Society of Amboy Friends Church sponsored a missionary program on the evening of December 4, following an afternoon of sewing. The missionary play, "A Friendly Family That Shared," was rendered delightfully to a large audience by eight young Friends. Many gifts were brought to this meeting and displayed and then shipped to the Tennessee Mission Station to add to their Christmas good cheer.

* * * *

Wabash Quarterly Meeting convened at Amboy, Indiana, December 5. There was a good attendance, each meeting of the Quarterly Meeting being well represented. Milton H. Hadley of Fairmount gave a very heart-searching message and Edward Hartsuck of Wabash and Murray Kenworthy, the pastor, each followed with short, helpful messages. A bounteous dinner was served at the noon hour. The clerk, Parvin Bond of Wabash, called the business session to order, and after the transaction of business Dr. Wm. C. Dennis, President of Earlham College, gave a very enlightening and interesting message on the needs, goals, successes and advantages of our Quaker college.

* * * *

The Young People of the Friends Church at Indianola, Iowa, entertained their parents at a banquet Wednesday evening, December 3, at the home of their teacher, May Alice Smith. Those whose parents do not live here invited other members of the church as their parents. A three-course dinner was prepared and served by a committee from the class of which Olive Erb was chairman. A very delightful toast program was given, with Lois Limpus as toastmistress.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

November marked the fiftieth anniversary of the setting up of the Friends Meeting at Long Lake, Mich. The celebration and home-coming took place at the Quarterly meeting time, October 18 and 19. Frank J. Long of the Evangelistic Board, Frank Chant of the Mission Board, Myra Long and Lillian E. Hayes representing the Committee on Religious Education, all of Indiana Yearly Meeting, were present and took part.

Quarterly Meeting on Saturday was well attended despite the unexpected blizzard. Frank Long spoke very acceptably in the morning. At noon, a bountiful dinner was served by the members and friends of the Church in the Community Hall. After all had eaten heartily and the tables were cleared, the clerk called the meeting to order and the business was transacted. Following the business, Frank Chant presented the missionary work in a fine way that brought inspiration and interest to all the local meeting. Then Lillian Hayes led in a conference on Sunday-school methods.

On Sunday morning the Bible school at Traverse City held a brief session then united with Long Lake Friends for the morning service for worship. A very interesting history of the beginnings of Long Lake Meeting was read by Mrs. Mattie Duryea. She and Mrs. Jeremiah Thomas, were the only charter members present. The morning message brought by Frank Long was very helpful and many hearts were touched. Another big dinner and social hour was enjoyed by a goodly number, then all went back to the little church on the hill where Frank Chant brought a message which fitted into the others that had been given, and at the close thirteen young people came forward for prayer and consecration. The evening service was held in the Traverse City meetinghouse, in which the Long Lake Friends united. The messages were given by Lillian Hayes and Frank Long. There were many requests for prayer, and young people, mothers, Sunday school teachers and officers came forward and knelt in prayer. The absence of heat made no difference to hungry hearts and all were made happy and warm with the love of God as these hearts glowed with the fire of consecrated enthusiasm for the furthering the work of the Kingdom.

While Long Lake is without a pastor the meetings for worship are being planned and cared for by the young people, taking their turns in leading. Some have been definitely lead out in a desire to prepare for the ministry.

SEARSBORO NEWS ITEMS

The work in Searsboro, Iowa, Monthly Meeting has been growing in interest and attendance. A live Christian Endeavor Society keeps the young folks busy in work "for Christ and the church." Progress has been made in Bible School work. A workers' conference has been organized and holds regular meetings each month for business and discussion. Marie Cassell was here the first week in October and conducted a Leadership Training Class, using as a text, "The Church and the Church School." Several received one unit of credit for work completed. This past summer the pastor and his wife, with two other helpers, conducted a Daily Vacation Bible School, with countless results.

During the past year no series of meet-

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ings were held, but at the regular meetings for worship 58 knelt at the altar of prayer and received definite blessing. A number have united with the church.

On October 26, the meeting celebrated its thirty-fifth birthday with a Homecoming. John Hadley of New Providence, Iowa, who dedicated the church, was present and brought the message on Sunday morning. A basket dinner was served to a large crowd. The afternoon was given to a program of special music, history of the meeting, and the reading of letters from former members and pastors. Only one former pastor, Florence Baker, of New Sharon, Iowa, was present; while twenty different pastors have served the meeting. All felt that the day was well spent and long to be remembered. Members now working in the meeting felt encouraged to press forward in the work of the church that it might continue to be a place of help and blessing to the people of the town and community and to passers-by.

WOONSOCKET NEWS ITEMS

With summer and the vacation period far in the past, the work of the Smithfield, Monthly Meeting at Woonsocket, R. I., is well started for another year. There is a very good attendance at the Sunday morning service, followed by the Bible School, and at the Young Friends discussion group in the evening. During the week the Missionary Society and Ladies' Aid have their meetings. The latter is now preparing for a bazaar.

The Smithfield Quarterly Meeting was held, November 8 and 9, at Woonsocket. The attendance was smaller than usual and there was no special business for consideration. The meeting Saturday evening was addressed by O. T. Gillmore, student counselor at Brown University, Providence, R. I. Paul L. Sturgess spoke Sunday morning and Austin M. Wilson taught the Bible school.

On September 9, James S. Read was 95 years old and is in fairly good health.

Marion F. Thayer observed her 88th birthday on Thanksgiving day. She was entertained at a reception and tea at the home of Mrs. Ruth S. Aldrich on November 2. Over a hundred of her relatives and friends attended and presented her with many gifts and flowers. Her granddaughters, Mrs. Ruth S. Aldrich and Mrs. James T. Green were the hostesses.

BIRTHS

BONER—To George and Evalyn Terrell Boner, Denair, California, September 9, 1930, a son, Jack Eugene.

MARRIAGES

SMITH-DAWSON—At the home of the bride's mother, Bertha Dawson, Pawtucket, Rhode Island, November 8, 1930, Bertha Evelyn Dawson and Raymond V. Smith, a member of Smithfield Monthly Meeting. Paul L. Sturgess, minister.

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DEATHS

ALEXANDER—At her home in Sharpsville, Indiana, November 17, 1930, Susan Alexander, at the age of 80 years. She with her aged husband, regretting much to leave her friends and the church at Hemlock, which she had attended for most of thirty-three years. For many years she served the meeting as an elder and was affectionately known to her many friends as "Aunt Susie." She leaves nine children and her husband to mourn her passing. Funeral services were held at Hemlock Friends Church, conducted by the pastor, Kenneth L. Eichenberger.

BIRDSALL—At her home in Richmond, Indiana, November 20, 1930, Anna E. Birdsall, daughter of Alfred and Phebe Timberlake, Wilmington, Ohio, aged 78 years. She was a birthright Friend and when physically able, occupied her place in the services of the church. She was the wife of Charles M. Birdsall, who with two children preceded her in death. There remain two daughters: Mary Johnson of Muncie and Grace Birdsall of Richmond, Indiana; one grandson and two great-granddaughters; one brother and two sisters. Funeral services were in charge of William J. Sayers. Interment at Fountain City, Indiana.

DICKEY—At his home in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, October 11, 1930, Ephraim Howard Dickey, aged 76 years. Born in Stewiacke, Nova Scotia, he had lived for about forty years in Woonsocket, and was

a member of Smithfield Monthly Meeting. Funeral services were held in the meetinghouse, which was nearly filled with friends and relatives, and many beautiful flowers expressed deep sympathy and respect. Of humble, kindly disposition, he won the affection of all who knew him. His wife, Mae Archibald Dickey, and five children: Edna Dickey Pratt, Elwood; Peter, of Los Angeles, California; Vera and Ephraim Howard, Jr.; and two grandchildren survive him. Funeral services were in charge of Paul L. Sturgess.

GIFFORD—At Phillips House, Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, December 3, 1930, Nelson D. Gifford, Jr., son of Mary I. Gifford and the late Nelson D. Gifford, in his thirty-first year. He was an Episcopal clergyman, and a member of the faculty at Groton School, Groton, Mass. Funeral service was held at the Grace Episcopal Church, New Bedford, Mass. The interment was at Allen's Neck Friends burying ground, Dartmouth, Mass., where Elden H. Mills, a former pastor, officiated.

HIATT—At the home of his granddaughter in Marion, Indiana, November 26, 1930, Levi Hiatt, son of Lewis and Lydia Ballinger Hiatt, a lifelong member of the Society of Friends. He and his wife Jennie lived in Amboy thirty-five years, during which time he was very faithful to the church in interest and attendance. He gave ample testimony that he has received his coronation. The funeral service was held at Amboy in charge of Frank J. Long, pastor of Marion Friends church, assisted by Murray S. Kenworthy, pastor at Amboy. Interment was made in Amboy I. O. O. F. cemetery.

LAMBORN—At his home in Emporia, Kansas, November 14, 1930, Ezra, son of Hobson and Rebecca Lamborn, in his seventy-second year. Born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, he attended Westtown School and became a printer by trade. He came to Emporia in 1881 and three years later was married to Anna Lupton, who died in 1924. A birthright member of Friends, he served his meeting at different times as clerk, elder and overseer and maintained a deep interest in Friends work. Three children survive: Mrs. Alice Sims and Abbie Lamborn of Emporia, and Edwin Lamborn of Topeka; also a sister, Martha R. Lamborn of Emporia.

ROBINSON—At his home in South Glens Falls, N. Y., October 26, 1930, Charles H. Robinson, a lifelong member of the Society of Friends and faithful to his Master and the church in all the responsibility and work devolving upon him. Memories of him should stimulate his friends to deeper consecration and greater earnestness in the work that remains. The South Glens Falls Meeting records a deep sense of loss in his passing from their midst.

SINTON—At the Settle General Hospital, Seattle, Washington, November 27, 1930, William Swann Sinton, on his seventy-sixth birthday. Born in County Down, Ireland, he came to America in 1892 and spent most of his life since in the West. He was a birthright Friend and at the time of his death was a member of the Friends Memorial Church in Seattle. Funeral service was in charge of his pastor, Gervas A. Carey. Interment in Evergreen Park Cemetery.

STUART—At Des Moines, Iowa, November 6, 1930, Rufus King Stuart, son of Joseph G. and Martha Hoskins Stuart, in his fifty-eighth year. Born at Richland, Iowa, he was married to Glennie Bullis in 1905 and to them two sons were born, Harland and Harvey, who with their mother survive him; also three brothers and two sisters, and three grandchildren. A lifelong member of Friends, he was a good neighbor, ever doing his part to make a better neighborhood. Funeral services were in charge of Percy M. Thomas at McDivitt's Grove church, near his farm home, where burial was made in the adjoining cemetery.

WORRALL—At her home in North Smithfield, Rhode Island, November 9, 1930, Stella Sophia Patterson, wife of Francis I. Worrall, aged 43 years. Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, daughter of Mary A. Culver Patterson and the late Edd Patterson, she is survived by the husband, one son, Albert E. Worrall of New York, N. Y., a granddaughter, her mother and a sister, Mrs. Thomas Small of Wilkinsonville, Massachusetts. With courage and cheerful resignation she bore much suffering during a long illness. The pastor, Paul L. Sturgess, had charge of the funeral services.

WANTED

To correspond with any person that is interested in building up a strong Friends Meeting at Citrus Heights, California and would like to buy a home in a mild climate near to church, school and town. A. E. W., Rt. No. 1, Box 91, Roseville, California.

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4413 Indiana Ave. Take Indiana Surface Car, or South Side Elevated to 43d. Bible School, 9:45; Worship, 11:00 a. m. Second Sunday each month is Suburban day, with luncheon served at 12:30 and Discussion Group meeting at 2:00. Arnold B. Vaught, Pastor, 5618 Drexel Ave. Telephone Midway 0213. Names and addresses of Friends coming to Chicago should be sent to the above address.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting is held in the new meetinghouse, Eden and Donohue Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio. Bible School, 10:15, and Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a. m. Ministers, Henry G. and Jane E. Summerhayes; address, 3580 Lossing Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Visitors welcome.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, 2691 Joy Road. Take Fourteenth car to Joy Road or Clairmount car to Linwood Ave. Bible School, 10:00 a. m.; Meetings for Worship, 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to Donald B. Sitler, Minister, 13924 Manor Ave., Phone 2383, Fairmount.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Friends Meeting, 950 W. 17th Street, corner of Toberman, Sabbath Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a. m.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m. Ernest Lamb, Minister.

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Montclair Meeting—First day, 11 a. m., 41 The Crescent, Montclair, N. J. We would be pleased to learn the names of Friends and Friendly people who would be interested in attending this All-Friends Meeting. Write Richard P. Milburn, 822 DeGraw Ave., Newark, N. J.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

First Friends Church, Corner Raymond Ave. and Villa Street. Bible School, 9:30 a. m.; Worship, 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; C. E., 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m. Brotherhood Dinner Programs second Tuesday each month at 6:30 p. m., September to June. Pastor, Edwin McGrew, 505 N. Raymond Ave., Phone Terrace 6369. A cordial welcome awaits you.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends (Orthodox). Member of Five Years Meeting. Corner 13th and Irving Streets, N. W. Bible School, 9:45; Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a. m.; C. E., 7:00 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7:45 p. m. Chas. S. Easterling, Clerk, 1223 Euclid Street, N W., Washington, D. C. All welcome.

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Published weekly by
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